A MONUMENT FOR A HEROINE OF ROMANCE

Women of America to Erect a Statue to Pocahontas in the State of Virginia.

American women are to honor the first great American woman. It may sound strange to refer to Pocahontas, the Indian maiden, as the first great American woman, and yet to such distinction certainly history entitles her, and a handsome monument is to be erected to her honor in Virginia.

The beautiful story of early Virginia is one of the world's classics. Artists have pictured that dramatic scene when the 12-year-old daughter of Powhatan interposed her body between that of Smith and the war club that hung over him, ready to deal the death blow.

That was only a little short of 300 years ago, and Pocahontas, who did much for the settlers of the new world, has waited long for her memorial stone, but justice will finally be done to her in a superb art work.

The Pocahontas Memorial association of Washington has the movement in charge, and the distinguished American sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, who has to his credit a number of superb pieces, has been selected to make the monument.

The historian of the society, Ella Loraine Dorsey, has prepared a complete list of those who can claim descent, and whether or not they belong to the society, they will be asked to be present at the exercises attending the unveiling.

Mr. Partridge will have no difficulty in finding in the life of Pocahontas episodes that will lend themselves to heroic treatment.

The most famous of these, the incident where she risked her own life to save the mighty founder of Virginia, is only one of a long string, any one of which would be worthy the best efforts of the greatest artist.

Pocahontas should not be remembered alone for saving Smith. This was a notable incident. If he had been removed, the cause of civilization in Virginia would have been put back many years.

Pocahontas did much more than save Smith from the war club that would have crushed out his life.

A strange love for the white race, rare indeed in the annals of the redskin, made her the friend and savior of the colony. In times of famine she bore food to the suffering colonists, and to avoid the frowns of her people she had to carry the food herself, for

Pocahontas Rescuing John Smith from Death.—From an Old Print.

Pocahontas.

miles, often through the untraveled woods.

Several times later she warned Smith of other attempts contemplated on his life, and she saved Richard Wyffin, when the redskins would have killed him.

But it was when Pocahontas came into young womanhood, when she passed out of the girl stage, that she entered upon the most dramatic period of her life.

Relations between the whites and Indians had become strained to a point where Powhatan decreed the death of every white man found in his domain.

Fearing that the redskin leader might be able to make good his threat, Governor Dale, head of the colony, conceived the plan of capturing Pocahontas, favorite daughter of Powhatan, and holding her as a hostage for the safety of any English who might be taken by the savages.

It was a cruel expedient, a device worthy the savagery of the Indians themselves; to thus separate father and daughter; but it worked perfectly. She was betrayed on to an English ship and taken to Jamestown.

The act intensified the hatred of Powhatan for the invaders, but it did force him to act with care in the case of such prisoners as he had had, and those he might take.

Conferences were arranged, but Powhatan remained sullen, and refused to treat with Governor Dale till Pocahontas should have been restored.

Meantime the Indian princess living with the English had come into an unexpected solace that not only reconciled her to her captivity, but also brought happiness. Two great forces had suddenly come into her life—religion and love.

Accepting the doctrines of the gospel, she was baptized into the church and took the name of Rebecca.

Among the daring blades and youthful adventurers in the colony was John Rolfe, a man of good family and Christian worth. He quickly loved the beautiful Indian princess, and aided in her education. While teaching her the ways of the white man, he also instilled in her heart the greatest of passions, and the outcome was the marriage of the two. Powhatan consented to the union and sent two of his sons to witness the ceremony.

In these incidents stand out three pictures well worthy to figure in Sculptor Partridge's monument—Pocahontas embracing the faith of the English, and being baptized; Rolfe teaching her her knowledge of his people, and the marriage of the young couple before English and Indians, symbol of a peace that the union brought between the two races at Jamestown for long years.

England was curious to see the Lady Rebecca, of whom Captain John Smith had written in such terms of profound admiration.

Queen Anne and her husband, the pedantic James, received Pocahontas with all the state that became the daughter of a monarch, even though the country he ruled was but primeval forest. The lovely appearance of the princess, her virtues of character and the unswerving championship of Captain Smith, made her a guest of honor in the greatest castles of England, and no one lavished more affection on her than Queen Anne.

Pocahontas bore herself with a quiet dignity that would make her well deserving a monument which would show her at court.

Having remained in England a year, Mr. Rolfe, with his bride, prepared to return to America. Then, unexpectedly Pocahontas sickened and died. Her mission was fulfilled. She had brought comparative peace between her father's people and those of her husband.

Her bereaved husband returned to America, and their son, Thomas Rolfe, was educated by his uncle in England, and rose to high position. Many of the oldest families of the "Old Dominion" are proud to trace their ancestry back to the daughter of Powhatan. Her remains are to be brought to this country and reinterred on historic ground in Virginia.

HE PUNISHES THE DUDE.

"Oh, thim judes" sighed Policeman Barney Flynn with the air of one utterly discouraged. "They'll drive me cra-azy, they will sure."

"If ye're a ma-an," replied Mrs. Flynn, "ye'll not let anny jude that iver wa-alked come over ye.. 'Tis you that's lackin' injinoo-ity, or ye'd not be sittin' there sighin' like a bla-ast at th' r-rollin' mill. Tell me, now, where ha-ave ye been ferninst th' judes?"

"At th' the-ayter," answered Policeman Flynn. "'Tis on me beat, an' thim pa-aper see-gar judes is in th' alley ivery night thicker than flies r-round Hogan's ba-ar."

"Is there anny ha-arm in thim?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

"In thim fellies? Ha-arm" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, scornfully. "Niver a bit, but 'tis a nuisance they are to th' ha-ard-wor-rkin' gir-rls that carries th' shpears an' th' banners in th' show, an' I'm afther bein' asked to drive thim awa-ay."

"Why don't ye?"

"Why don't I? Oho! 'tis easy said!" cried Policeman Flynn. "Why don't I? Faith I do. 'Tis me goes down th' alley no liss than tin times a night an' shoos thim all out. 'Shoo!' says I to thim, like they was chickens, an' I follies thim out, but not a wan is there within shquint iv me eye whin I r-reaches th' shtreet. 'Tis a ma-arvel to me, no liss, how 'tis done, but ivery wan iv thim is back in th' alley be th' time I'm out iv it."

"Is there anny place that has a ba-ack door on th' alley?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

Policeman Flynn straightened up in his chair so suddenly that he dropped his pipe on the floor.

"Oho! 'tis a sma-art woman ye are!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "Is there anny place openin' on th' alley? Sure, there is that. 'Tis all plain as th' nose on a Hebrew ma-an's fa-ace. In at th' front door iv Casey's say-loon they goes an' out iv th' back door ferninst th' theayter. Oho! I ha-ave thim now!"

"What'll ye do?" inquired Mrs. Flynn.

"I'll drive them th' other wa-ay out," answered the policeman.

Mrs. Flynn regarded him for a moment with pitying contempt. Ordinarily resourceful, there are times when Patrolman Flynn has to be prompted as well as sarcastically criticised in order that the best results may be secured.

"Barney," she said at last, "ye ha-ave no head on ye at all. 'Tis a block iv wood ye're carryin' on ye-er shoulders, an' ye might dhrop it off without losin' annything but a bit iv kindlin'. 'Tis f'r you to ca-atch thim judes an' ye'll not do it that wa-ay."

"No-o," admitted Policeman Flynn, reluctantly, "ye're r-right there. I'm no ma-atch f'r thim at shprintin'."

"If I was a ma-an," went on Mrs. Flynn, "I'd ca-atch thim. 'Tis th' only wa-ay. R-run thim into a thrap an' ma-ake thim sorry they iver throubled ye."

"Shtand in a Row Then and Lit's See What Ye Luk Like!"

"Iv coorse," said Policeman Flynn, and he was very thoughtful as he left home. He wanted to ask for details, but he deemed it wise not to do so. Mrs. Flynn is exceptionally sarcastic when she gets the idea that she is doing the thinking for the family, which has a tendency to induce the patrolman to solve problems in his own original way. However, there was the light of victory in his eyes when he went on duty that night, and almost the first thing he did was to interview Casey.

"'Tis mesilf," said Casey, "that's been wondherin' why th' la-ads come trapsin' in th' wan door an' thin go pilin' out th' other. There's no money in it f'r me, an' they'll not get through this night."

Matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, Policeman Flynn bided his time. Never before had he left the dudes who congregated about the stage entrance so entirely alone, for he desired to gather them all in at one swoop. They were harmless fellows of the class who like to hover about, making eyes at the chorus girls and pretending to have a standing with them that they do not possess; but, as Policeman Flynn had said, they were nuisances—although of a kind numerous in every large city—and in this instance the stage entrance was so arranged that it was difficult to keep it clear of them.

Finally, when the assembled crowd was large enough to suit him, the patrolman made his sally. Out of the alley went the youths and in at the front door of Casey's saloon, with the officer in close pursuit. This time he knew where to go when he emerged on the street, and he found in Casey's back room as panic-stricken a crowd as one often sees, for the alley door was locked and exit that way was impossible.

"Oho!" cried Policeman Flynn, triumphantly, "I ha-ave ye now f'r sure! Shtand in a r-row there an' let's see what ye luk like!" One or two of them were inclined to rebel, but they thought better of it when Policeman Flynn made a movement in their direction, and all lined up against the wall. "'Tis a fine-lukkin' cr-rowd ye are, hangin' r-round here an' hopin' ye'll ha-ave a chanst f'r to buy pussy caffies an' fizz wather f'r gir-rls that only wa-ants ye to l'ave thim alone. What'll I do with ye?" Policeman Flynn looked them over contemptuously. "'Tw'u'd contam'nate th' cells at th' station f'r to put ye in thim, but I'll fix ye some wa-ay, ye pa-aper see-gar loafers! I'll ma-ake ye sorry ye iver r-ran ferninst Barney Flynn an' kep' him chasin' ye up an' down th' alley. I'll—I'll—Now, what'll I do?" Then, just as he seemed at his wit's end for a suitable punishment, an inspiration came to him. "Ha-and over ye-er pa-aper see-gars!" he cried, triumphantly. "Ivery wan ha-and thim over! Not a pa-aper see-gar goes out iv th' r-room this night, an' if annywan thries f'r to hold out on me I'll la-and him behind th' ba-ars, I will so. Oho! 'tis long ye'll ray-mimber Barney Flynn. Hurry on, now, an' if I think ye're holdin' out I'll go through ye-er clo'es."

It was a great picture that Policeman Flynn made collecting the cigarettes, but he got them all, and 15 minutes later he was alone with Casey, counting the results of the raid.

"Twinty-sivin boxes!" he exclaimed. "W'u'd ye tnink there was that much depravity in th' whole city, if ye didn t see it with ye-er own eyes? Twinty-sivin boxes, an' they're all yours, Casey. Me job on th' foorce w'u'd be gone if they was found on me at r-roll-call."

"What'll I do with thim?" asked Casey.

"Divil a bit do I care," answered Policeman Flynn, "only I say this to ye: if ye l'ave thim where th' cat can get thim, I'll ha-ave ye arristed f'r crooity to animals, I will that."

THE TRUE GOLDEN AGE.

It Is Good to Be Young, But Better to Be Wise—Wisdom Really the Only True Wealth.

It is a common frailty of the spirit to deplore our accumulating years and look with envy on the luxuriant carelessness of youth, as if experience and culture and the enrichment of memory were not almost the only true wealth. It is good to be young, but it is better to be wise; for youth is often sad, and wisdom's chief concern, after all, is happiness.

I have known persons, two or three, of so rare a character that time did not seem to touch them as it passed. By some blessed miracle of nature they appeared immune from all deterioration or impairment, undistraught by difficulties, unimbittered by distress, unarrested by any calamity or toil. Sorrow could not break their singing spirits, nor misfortune cast them down for long. They had fine balance of disposition, which is the chiefest of blessings. They could be counted upon to confront any enigma of existence with an eager, impartial intelligence, always looking for new truth and always abiding by the truth already found; their instinct for beauty was too keen and too great to suffer either satiety or perversion; and their fund of love too profound to be depleted. If natural grief came to them or they were overtaken in some irrational disaster, they bowed before the wind of destiny and sorrowed mightily, as great hearts must, but came up again out of the dust, pliant and undestroyed; unshaken in faith as before and lovelier than ever in the gentleness of their regard. You could not guess their years, you could only say they seemed to live by some perennial charm in a state where all evil was incongruous and decrepitude could never come. And with all their maturity of mind, their magnificent qualities of strength and sympathy, there was always about them a touch of the child, a breath of perpetual innocence and wonder, as if they might be immortals in disguise or wanderers from the fabulous Age of Gold.—Bliss Carman, in the Smart Set.

Fearfully Good.

Some men do right only because they are afraid to do something else.

CRANBERRIES FROM BOG TO DELICIOUS JELLY

How the Annual Crop of a Million Bushels is Grown and Picked.

One of the most important preliminaries to the Thanksgiving dinner is the fall picking of the crop of cranberries, which reaches now a good round million bushels of blushing red fruit. And what an ocean of sauce and mountain of jelly such a quantity of berries can make, but it is easily disposed of by the American people, for probably 400,000 bushels are used for the Thanksgiving festival alone.

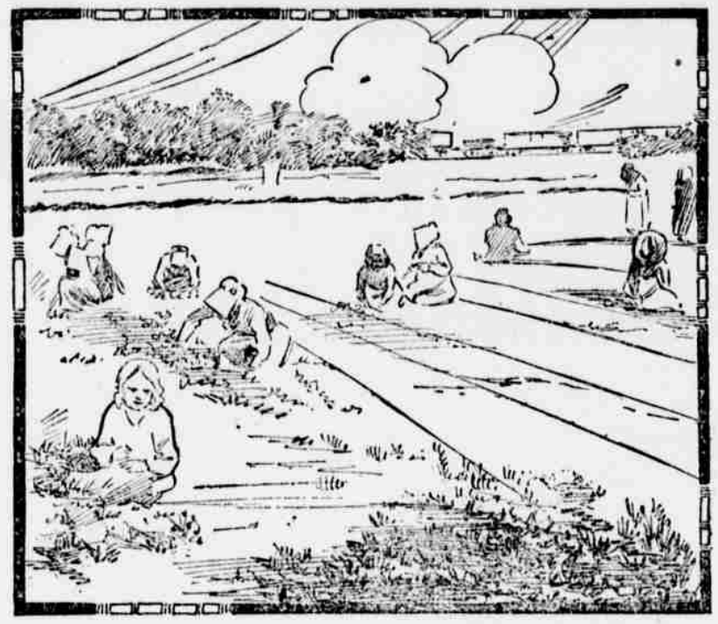
The genesis of the cranberry is not as well known as that of other features of the Thanksgiving dinner. Everybody knows all about the turkey. Nor is there any mystery about the celery, the mincemeat that goes into the pies or any of the side vegetables that add so much eclat.

But the cranberry comes a distance to the vast majority of the consumers. It is seldom used on the farm. Cranberry culture is not usually carried on in a small way by a farmer in connection with other produce cultivation. It is a separate business that requires plenty of land, and what is even more important, water.

Originally the cranberry grew wild and took its name from a resemblance its flower just expanding into perfection bears to the neck, head and bill of a crane. From "cranberry" to "cranberry" was an easy transition.

It was at Cape Cod that the cranberry was first cultivated in the United States, and soon came the discovery that in flavor the cultivated cranberry was far superior to its wild brother.

From this point the cranberry has spread all over the United States, but it is a selfish berry, and demands for its own exclusive use all the land devoted to its culture. Thus it is not possible to get a crop of cranberries one year and a crop of something else the next out of the same piece of land.



Women Pickers at Work in a Cranberry Bog.

Sand and peaty ground form the ideal soil for the cranberry, and instead of fertilizing, the grower is obliged to give the vines or bushes liberal coatings of sand.

The place where the cranberry grows is variously known as the marsh or the bog, from the fact that it must be low land arranged with a system of sluices similar to those used for the irrigation of arid land in the west.

It takes money and patience to prepare a bog, and the man who puts his capital in the venture deserves a fair return for his product. It costs not less than $300, and as high as $500 an acre, to get the bog ready. Then five years must elapse before there is any crop sufficient to give a return. But after this it is all profit, for the shrubs live and bear endlessly, getting better all the time.

Nothing could be simpler than planting cranberry bushes. A small handful of twigs is twisted together, and thrust deeply into the sand. They need no tending, but take root at once, and within a year send out runners. The planting is done in rows eight or ten inches apart. Gradually the spaces between the rows fill up, and soon the whole bog is one field of growing cranberries.

Flooding the bog answers the dual purpose of giving the cranberry the moisture which is an essential part of its life, and protecting it from frosts of early autumn.

There are two ways of picking the berries. One is the old-fashioned, the other the new.

In the primitive method all that is needed is a picker with nimble fingers. He or she sits or kneels in the moist sand, plunges both hands, with fingers slightly spread, till the hands become a sort of rake, into the green vines, and with a quick movement strips the berries from the vine, and tosses them into a pan. When the pan is filled it is emptied into a larger measure containing a third of a bushel. The size is uniform, and the picker is paid by the pail.

The old-time method of picking is gradually being abandoned in the larger bogs in favor of the new "rocker scoops."

The scoop looks like a rake, with a box attached, and is made of hickory. It has long teeth, and the operator pushes it along through the vines, having it carefully adjusted so that it does not tear the vines or miss any of the berries. As the scoop picks the berries from the stems it empties them into a box, and the method is so quick that one man can pick 25 times as many berries in a day as was possible under the old hand system.

Machinery also helps when the time comes to take the berries indoors, remove the leafy waste, and grade them according to size and quality.

There are to each bog several convenient buildings, so placed as to reduce to a minimum the need of carrying the crop from place to place.

The genius that does the work is a mill or grader, a two-story machine run by hand and the force of gravitation.

The berries are received by the hopper as they come from the bog. The stems are mostly caught by the screen, and the finer rubbish is blown out by a revolving fan. Now the berries fall on a long table having a succession of slots and grooves under the strong pieces. The grooves are opened all their length at the bottom, the space between their sides widening by degrees, making four changes. The berries dropped on the table roll promptly into the longitudinal grooves. The pea-shaped ones are disposed of first, and land in the first bin. These are only fit for the dye pot or the canning factory.

The grooves widen and gradually the "seconds," "standards" and "fancies" are disposed of, the latter class being, of course, the big, red, luscious berries that command the highest prices.

With careful weeding and watering, an acre will yield more than 100 barrels of cranberries, and it has been calculated that in eight years an acre ought to pay back in full the entire cost, leaving all that follows as clear profit.

The earliest cranberries come from Cape Cod. There picking begins early in September and lasts till severe frost sets in. In the middle states and the west the crop is not so early.

Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa are cranberry states, but the west is not able to produce all the cranberries it needs. The western output and a large percentage of the eastern growth are required to dispense the proper Thanksgiving cheer.

One city alone, New York, uses 300,000 bushels of cranberries every year. For these the producer averages a minimum price of five dollars per barrel. The consumer pays from five to ten cents a quart. Somewhere between the field and the Thanksgiving dinner table some one has made a big profit, and when it is remembered how long the producer had to wait for his cash, all is forgiven.

The flavor that the red berry adds to the turkey is in itself excuse for anything.

Nor is the test confined to size. Berries of a given size all roll down the chute together, but at the bottom their paths separate. The sound ones, with a strong rebound, jump over the bar into the bin, but the soft, wormy ones have no such resilience, and fall short, rolling ignominiously into the waste box beneath. Should one by accident manage to make the spring, a lynx-eyed girl stands ready to banish it into outer darkness. This process of elimination, picks out the right size and quality for the market.

Antiquarian Society Members.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale has been elected president of the American Antiquarian society at its meeting just held in Worcester, Mass. Captain Amundsen, who Dr. Hale said had accomplished the most remarkable event of the year in his rediscovery of the northwest passage, was elected an honorary member; also George Edward Fox, of London, and Prof. Bernardino M. Colmbra, of Portugal.